

# Woodville Republican.

THE CONSTITUTION

Volume 23.

WOODVILLE, MISSISSIPPI, TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1852.

Number 17.

## THE REPUBLICAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING.

BY O. S. KELLY, & W. W. CHISHOLM.

Office on the North Side of the Public Square East of the Presbyterian Church.

TERMS.

THE WOODVILLE REPUBLICAN is issued weekly at three dollars a year, if paid in advance, or four dollars, if payment be delayed until the expiration of six months.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at \$1.00 per square (which is ten lines) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. The usual discount made to yearly advertisers. Where the number of insertions are not marked, they will be continued during the pleasure of the publisher, and charged accordingly.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES for State offices \$10.00; for county offices, \$5.00—invariably in advance.

PORTUGAL.

The Toper's March!

AIR—Of in the Stilly Night.

Of in the licker shops

Long ere the work-house found me;

Old whiskey brought the hopes

Of future juleps round me.

The smiles and joys of them and boys,

The words of fun then spoken,

The wines that show—now drank and gone

And e'en the bottles broken!

Thus in the licker shops

Long ere the work-house found me;

Old whiskey brought the hopes

Of gn-cock-tails around me.

When I remember all

The friends that drank together.

I've seen them round me fall;

Like sweat in sultry weather;

I feel like one who treads, alone,

Some coffee-house deserted,

Whose credit's dead—whose 'Sucker's' fled,

And all for Texas started!

Thus in the licker shops

Long ere the work-house found me;

Old whiskey brought the hopes

Of future black-straps round me.

Choosing a Husband!

'Caroline you are twenty-one.'

'I know it full well, and I assure you

no one regrets it more than myself;

but really I cannot help laughing at

the idea of marrying Sir Thomas Lupton.'

'And why said Lady Montague,

gravely. 'He is a man of good family

and excellent estate—highly connected

—his mother is the daughter of a duke

and he is a member of Parliament for

the burg of Dunderton.'

'Yes and sent us the Dunderton Jour-

nal, containing his election speech,

with an account of how he was cher-

ished, feasted and flattered on that occa-

sion—showing that Sir Thomas, what-

ever he may be here, is at least a great

man in Dunderton. 'Nay, nay,' added

the laughing girl, throwing back the

jetty ringlets that seemed sportively to

fall over her bright black eyes. 'Pray

my dear mamma, turn to the tablet

again.'

'Well, there is young Lord Flower-

dale.'

'A poet and a man of sentiment—

writes pastorals, and told me the other

day, with a simper, that our grand-

mother showed exquisite taste in being

painter shepherdesse. The man may

marry his grandmother, an he lists.'

'Caroline, Caroline, pray be serious

Lord Flowerdale, I am convinced,

loves you.'

'The tablets! the tablets! my dear

mamma, I so long to hear the rest of

the lists.'

'The next then is Captain Bolton

of the guards, prospective heir to a mar-

quisite; and it is said, has broken the

hearts of several ladies already.'

'So indeed, it is; but until I have some

well authenticated fact of the death having

occurred—such as the verdict of a coron-

er's inquest, died by visitation of Captain

Bolton—or the certificate of two respect-

able physicians, on soul and conscience I'll

never believe it.'

'Well, really, now, I always imagined

that the Captain was a favorite of your's.

I'm sure, at Lady Veynon's rout.'

'He talked to me of nothing but his new

uniform; and during the rest of the even-

ing stood in lovely silence in a conspicuous

part of the room, with his lips curled a la

Byron, and in the attitude of Napoleon

storming a bridge. Pahw! I thought that

even you had seen that man was fool. But

who is next on the list?'

'Mr. Doddridge, nephew, you know, to

the bishop, and a rising man in the

church. He took high honors at Oxford,

and is, besides, an excellent worthy young

man.'

'Good, perhaps, but pray, moreover,

main, he wears spectacles and a white

neckcloth, things to which I have an un-

conquerable aversion. However, he is a

very 'excellent, worthy young man,' as you

so justly observe, and is admirably qualified

to be a friend of the family. But are these

all?'

'There is yet one more,' said lady Mon-

tagne mournfully—'Sir Roger Templeton'

'A dear good old soul! a second sir Toby

Belch, but, unfortunately, equally dissipated

He would make an excellent uncle. I don't

dislike dissipated uncles myself, it seems to

show that there is spirit in the family—but

a nearer relationship to such people is bad;

but can you really wish me, said Caroline

more seriously, while her dark eyes bright-

ened with sudden feeling, 'could you really

wish your daughter to marry an old dissi-

pated man like sir Roger Templeton?'

'Neither so very old, nor so very dissi-

pated either,' replied lady Montague, petu-

lently. 'He was a great friend of your

father's although a much younger man than

he. His habits are those of the old school,

and he is one of the wealthiest men in the

house of commons, where he has represent-

ed the county of D— for many years.'

'And is a good countryman'—a spirited

agriculturalist, and enlightened member

of committee on turnpike roads. My dear

mamma, I know all his good qualities, as

well as a few of his bad ones—so be assured

I do not reject him ignominiously. But you

have concluded your list, now pray lend me

the tablets, and you shall hear mine.'

Caroline Montague took up the pencil,

and with a hand as white as the ivory ta-

blets which she held, and rapidly traced a

name upon them—then looked at her moth-

er, as if hesitating.

'Well, Caroline, proceed.'

'The first, then, is Edward Hastings.'

'Edward Hastings?' cried the lady Mon-

tagne, in surprise.

'Mr. Edward Hastings, cried the servant

throwing open the door and the gentleman,

as if by magic, stood before them.

Lady Montague drew herself up on her

cushioned chair, and put the tips of her

fingers into Hastings' hand, while, Caro-

line, with a face covered with blushes,

permitted him to seat himself beside her on

the sofa, while her eyes glanced restlessly

towards her mother, whose looks were free-

zing and formal.

'Now I know not, said Hastings, if you

ought to condescend to me for my bereave-

ment—having lost a cousin, the Scotch say,

three times removed—or congratulate me

on the acquisition of his title and estate.'

Caroline turned quickly round to Hastings,

and lady Montague's looks relaxed.

'May I ask, said her ladyship, after a mo-

ment's pause, who this cousin is?'

'Sir Thomas Hastings, of Harthurst

Moor.'

'What Harthurst Moor, R—shire?'

'The very same; and I assure you, a for-

tune was never more unexpectedly acquired,

or conferred upon one that stood in greater

need of it, than the now present worthy

baronet of that name.'

'Assure you, Mr. Hastings—Sir Edward,

I mean, said lady Montague, with a face

all smiles and sunshine, 'I sincerely rejoice

at your good fortune, and so I am sure does

Caroline—but,' continued her ladyship, ris-

ing and looking at her watch, 'I hope you

will excuse me at present, as I have an en-

gagement at—'

'Certainly,' cried Hastings, 'I beg you

will not remain a single moment on my ac-

count.'

Lady Montague had almost reached the

door, when suddenly turning round, she ex-

claimed, 'Oh! I forgot the tablets.'

'Mamma,' said Caroline, with an air

look, as she still held them in her hand, 'do

you know I think they are turned.'

'Give them to me, foolish girl.'

'Nay, let me keep them, they contain a

list I much wish to preserve.'

'Caroline, you are detaining me, said La-

dy Montague, as she took the tablets and

left the room.

'You look graver now,' said Hastings,

observing a shade on the brow of the fair

girl by his side. 'In sooth it is not fair to

banish your smiles at a time like this.'

'I cannot choose but be so, for I have

had a lecture this morning on the choice

of a husband, a grave subject you must al-

low.'

'And I heard a name as I entered the

room, said Hastings, passing his arm round

the waist of the blushing girl, 'had you then

the boldness, my Caroline, to—'

'Break the ice but not quite to thaw it—

that has been done by your cousin—three

[From the Boston Courier.

## Death of the Poet Moore.

One of the items of European news

received by the Asia, is the death of the

great Lyric Poet Thomas Moore. He

died at Slopeton Cottage, Devizes, near

the seat of his noble friend the Marquis

of Lansdowne, on the 27th ultimo, in

the 72d year of his age. The event

though not unexpected by those who

knew the sad condition of health in

which he has lingered for the last year

will be mourned by many nations—

And Ireland will weep for him, not

only as one of the first and foremost of

her men of genius, but because he was

a lover of his country, and consecrated

the flower and fruit of his genius to her

cause. When Moore composed his

"melodies," it was both unfashionable

and unsafe to be an Irish patriot; but

soon after their appearance, fair lips

sung the sorrows of his country, and

bright eyes wept over them in the sa-

lons, and music rooms of the lordly

mansions of England; and the young,

and the lovely, and the tender hearted

took an interest in her history and po-

litical condition, which the loudest agi-

tators could not have awakened. His

skill in music, his wit, his knowledge,

and charming conversational powers,

made him the idol of the first circles in

the empire; but he was never ashamed

of his country or his origin, nor never

missed an occasion to plead her cause,

where it was most likely to be effect-

ual. For this and other reasons he was

a benefactor of his race and nation,

and they will remember him with a

personal and cordial affection, inde-

pendent of the admiration to which his

genius entitles him. That he inspired

many of the nobility of England with a

love for Ireland, as well as his bosom

friend, Lord Byron is well known; but

the latter has recorded his feelings in

im perishable verse, which is not wholly

inappropriate to quote in this connec-

tion:

My voice, though but humble, was raised for

thy light;

My vote, as a freeman's, still voted thee free

This hand, though but feeble, would arm in

thy fight,

And this heart, tho' outworn, had a throbb

still for thee;

For I loved thee and thine, though thou art not

my land;

I have known gallant hearts, and great souls

in thy sons;

And I wept with the world o'er the patriot

band

Who are gone; but I weep them no longer

as once.

But if aught in this bosom can quench for an

hour,

My contempt for a nation too servile to sore;

Which, tho' trod like a worm, will not turn

upon power;

'Tis the glory of Grafton and genious of

Moore.

Moore was born in Dublin, on the

28th of May, 1780, and was educated at

Trinity College, where he was a

classmate of Robert Emmitt's. He

was intended for the bar, and kept his

terms for a while in one of the Inns of

Court of London. But he was fonder

of Greek than of Norman-French or

Law-Latin, and made a poetical trans-

lation of Anacreon; instead of studying

Ferne on Reminders. His name,

therefore, is not to be found in the

"Reports," but it is written in other</